

LOVE'S MOODS.

Edith M. Thomas. In Harper's Bazar.

I thought of my love in the distance,
Silent and wild was the place;
A moment her voice lent its music,
And around shone the light of her face—
Her face, and hers only!

I stood in my love's sweet presence,
But a mood wrapped her soul from all
view;
We spoke, but on flowed the silence,
And deeper the solitude grew—
How deep and how lonely!

AN ENFORCED CONCESSION.

By Carl Louis Kingsbury.

TRISSY ANN cowered, whimpering behind the kitchen stove, while little Sam, who was her shadow, clutched her short skirt with one chubby brown hand and glared defiance at the enemy who had brought Trissy Ann to bay. Abby, the older sister, was the enemy; she towered above them both, anxious but determined.

"You're got to go, Trissy Ann!" Abby declared, vehemently. "So just stop your fussing and go right along; it's high eight o'clock now! If I was in your place I'd be ashamed to be tardy to school."

"Weren't you ever late when you went to school?" queried Trissy Ann, maliciously.

Now Abby, chief counsellor and prop of the Fenton family, had had small opportunity to obtain the education which she craved for her young sister and brother, and so Trissy Ann had given a cruel thrust. But Abby ignored it with the patience of one accustomed to self-abnegation.

"You and I can't be passing words this time of day," she said. "You march right straight along to school, you and Sammy! Stop your crying, Sammy, and if you're a good boy sister'll make you a pot of cantaloup jam for supper."

But Sam's loyalty to Trissy Ann was not to be shaken: "I don't want jam; I want to stay home with Trissy!"

Abby's black eyebrows knit in a sudden frown; she stamped her foot. "Go this minute, both of you!" she cried.

When Abby spoke like that, Trissy Ann and Sam knew there was nothing left but to obey. Trissy Ann snatched up her sunbonnet and started for the door. Sam, whose outdoor toilet was already complete—as he never took off his hat except on compulsion—snatched the tin dinner-pail that Abby had filled with their noonday lunch and followed. He and Trissy Ann were on the door-step when a feeble voice from the adjoining bedroom arrested their progress.

"Wait a minute, children!" it said. Trissy Ann stopped, and stealing a defiant glare at Abby, turned and walked into the bedroom, followed, as a matter of course, by Sam.

Mrs. Fenton was an invalid and seldom interfered with her eldest daughter's conduct of affairs, but to-day, as Trissy Ann approached her bedside, she inquired, solicitously: "Why don't you like to go to school, Trissy Ann?"

Trissy Ann, who had pondered on the subject, instantly offered the excuse that seemed to her likely to receive the most toleration: "Cause I'm afraid of the range cattle, ma."

Abby, who was standing in the doorway, sniffed the more scornfully because she scented something distinctly personal in the excuse. "It's a likely story that you're afraid of the cattle!" she snapped. "What are you afraid of, Sammy?"

"'Fraid of cattle," responded the six-year-old, loyally.

"The cattle are getting fractious, since the long dry spell has nigh burned up all the grass over the ditch line, and they're coming into the farming lands thicker and thicker every day, Abby," said the mother. "You know yourself it's no joke to meet a herd of wild range cattle whilst you're on foot, Abby."

Abby knew she had good cause to know—but she replied perversely: "I reckon the cattle don't trouble 'em much in the schoolhouse."

"No. They might trouble 'em on the way there, or coming back, though."

Trissy Ann did not seem greatly alarmed by this forecast, but she continued to gaze hopefully at her mother. Mrs. Fenton put out a thin hand and brushed the chestnut hair back from the child's forehead as she continued: "Where you at in 'rithmetic now, Trissy Ann?"

The hopeful expression on the little girl's face gave way to one of genuine distress as she answered: "Why, we're in compound fractions, ma, and it's awful hard, so it is!"

"I should think it would be!" returned her mother, averted by the strange terms. "I should think the teacher oughtn't to put such a little girl in such hard sums."

"She just keeps punching me up about them all the time!" cried Trissy Ann, with starting tears, and the observant Abby fully understood her sister's objection to attending school.

"Are those children going to school to-day?" Abby broke in suddenly on Trissy Ann's laborious attempt to explain the mysteries of compound fractions to her mother.

"I guess they better," Mrs. Fenton conceded, unexpectedly. She had been puzzled, and her curiosity was aroused. "Yes, you better go, Trissy Ann, honey, and find out all you can about those arithmetic sums. Maybe Abby and I would like to learn them, too."

"Oh, Abby, she can't learn 'em!" retorted Trissy Ann, spitefully. "You have to be taught abstraction and multiplication 'fore you can understand them. Come on, then, Sammy."

Abby went out on the steps to watch the little pair for a moment as they patterned down the lonely road. There were no cattle to be seen in the direction in which they were going; and

with a sigh of relief Abby returned to her indoor tasks. It was wash-day, and she had just completed filling the tub on the bench by the door with fresh water, when her mother called: "Set the outside door open again, won't you Abby? It's so hot in here with the steam and all, it seems as if I should smother." As Abby complied she went on: "Come in here and sit down a minute, Abigail. I want to talk to you."

Abby glanced at the stove. "I must go and cut some wood pretty soon, ma. Pa didn't have time to cut any this morning."

"It's too bad, John does have to work so hard!" said John's wife, as Abby took the seat that Trissy Ann had so lately vacated. "And, Abigail, I do feel real troubled about the children in this neighborhood that have to walk so far to school when the cattle are getting so fractious. You heard tell the other day how one of them run Mis' Staples clean out of her own yard and into the house? She said she'd have been killed, sure, if she hadn't streaked it for the house, and even then, she was so nigh caught that the steer banged his head against the door after her."

"I heard Mis' Staples telling that," Abby acknowledged briefly. "But there's no alfalfa field down round the schoolhouse, so there's nothing to tell them that way."

"No, but there's lots of fields on the way. Why, those children have to walk nearly two miles to school! Think of that!"

"Won't hurt 'em!" muttered Abby, rather sullenly.

Mrs. Fenton stifled a sigh that was almost a groan. "I hate to think you are selfish, Abigail," she said, slowly. "But we all know that the folks round here got up a petition asking the county superintendent to form a new district, so the children wouldn't have to go so far, and he came out here and looked the ground over, and said he'd grant the petition if the folks could get an acre of land for school ground in a central location, and they couldn't, so the plan all fell through."

"Well, you don't need to tell me all that. I guess I knew it before," replied her daughter, ungraciously. "I reckon that nobody knows about it better than you do, Abby, but if your grandma had willed that forty to me instead of you, the schoolhouse would be standing over there in that little grove on the corner, just across the road—so handy!—instead of where it is. And the district was ready and willing to pay you a good price for the land, Abby."

"It's all out to alfalfa, and alfalfa's five dollars a ton," objected Abby. "How much do you suppose is raised in that acre in the grove, anyway?" queried Mrs. Fenton, sharply.

Abby did not reply, but after a little she said, slowly: "You think I'm selfish, don't you, ma?"

It was Mrs. Fenton's turn to reflect. Week in, week out, month in, month out, for five long years this girl beside her, with a face too old and hands too worn for her years, had borne the heavy burden of care for a household which comprised an invalid mother and rebellious, growing children. Perhaps she herself had not always done what she could to make the girl's burden lighter. And she resented her mother's willing the bit of land to Abby instead of to herself.

"No, you ain't selfish, Abby," she said, at last. "I reckon maybe you're contrary sometimes, though."

"I am," Abby admitted, candidly. "I'm just ugly that way. The more anybody urges me the more set I get. Land, what's that?"

Something in the kitchen had fallen to the floor with a resounding crash; the crash was followed by a splash as of a miniature tidal wave. Abby, springing to the door, stifled a scream at what she saw.

"What is it, child?" demanded her mother, struggling to rise.

"Lie still, ma!" Abby commanded. "It's that old white cow of the Triangle Bar outfit."

"What?" Mrs. Fenton's face grew a shade whiter. "Why, she's the most dangerous critter in the whole country! Can you see any more of 'em?"

"No; I reckon she's alone. I expect she was after the water in the tub. She's standing in the doorway yet," and with this explanation, Abby began to wave her arms. "Shoo, Why! Get out!" she commanded, shrilly.

The cow, with a low bellow of defiance, stood her ground. Mrs. Fenton, who had succeeded in sitting up, whispered fearfully: "What if she should take a notion to come in here, Abby?"

"She'd take a notion to go out again!" declared Abby. The girl seized a stick of firewood and hurled it at the brute's head. The cow acknowledged the attention with another ominous bellow, and put one hoof on the door-sill. Abby glanced quickly round in search of some weapon of defense. The only thing at hand was a chair, which she caught up. Swinging it above her head, she advanced upon the enemy. "Get out, Why! Get out!" she screamed.

The cow managed to put the other front hoof on the door-step and gave

an upward lurch, as if to plunge bodily into the room.

"I hate to injure an animal," thought Abby, now cool enough to plan as well as act. "But it's her or me, sure!" With the thought, she seized the big dipper from the water-pail, filled it with boiling water from the wash-boiler on the stove, and flung the contents full in the threatening face.

With a bellow of rage and pain the cow retreated, but not far. Maddened and vindictive, she charged wildly upon anything that attracted her attention, and it happened that her attention was attracted by the squealing inmates of the pig-pen. There was a great crashing and splintering of boards as she promptly demolished the pen. The liberated pigs fled with frightened squeals in the direction of the melon-patch, where they speedily found solace in destroying the crop.

The pain caused by the hot water douche rendered the already dangerous and ill-tempered animal crazy. Having razed the pig-pen, she turned her attention to a wagon load of hay that stood in the yard. To scatter the hay and finally overturn the wagon on itself was the work of but a few moments; to annihilate the wagon took time, but the white cow of the Triangle Bar had not acquired her reputation in vain. Again and again did she charge on the wagon-wheels, getting her long horns entangled in the spokes, only to become the more enraged thereby, until to Mr. Fenton, riding in unexpectedly at the open gate, she looked a veritable demon of destruction. "Hey, you!" he shouted, angrily.

The cow, desisting from her struggles with the wagon, whirled around and instantly charged the ranchman, thereby sealing her own doom. Mr. Fenton had ridden out in search of some stray cattle of his own that morning, and a shotgun swung at his saddle-bow. Because of a report that had drifted down to the settlement, the gun was loaded with buckshot, for antelopes, instead of the lighter shot that the farmer usually carried for the killing of ducks, rabbits and such small game.

"Hey, you brute!" cried the farmer as the white invader came at him with lowered horns and bloodshot eyes. "You've lived long enough, you have!" The gun spoke once, twice! and Mr. Fenton's assertion as to the cow's length of life was verified.

A moment after, as he stood on the ground beside his horse, surveying the dead animal, Abby came to his side; she was trembling. "I was scared for you, pa!" she said.

"I've been feeling kind of scared for you folks," the ranchman returned, "but there wasn't any danger for me, so long as I had the gun. Children gone to school?"

"Yes; and—pa, I want you to ride round and tell the school directors that that land they wanted to put the schoolhouse on is ready for 'em now."

Mr. Fenton looked from his daughter to the dead cow and back again. "That's a good idea!" he said, heartily. "I'll ride right round and tell 'em."

He swung himself into the saddle. "Do you reckon they'll be hard on you for killing the cow?" Abby asked, laying a detaining hand on his arm.

"No, they can't be; she was known to be a dangerous critter. It was the Triangle Bar that was to blame for letting her run at large. How much do you think you ought to be asking for the land?"

Abby turned away her face. "I've been real ugly and selfish about it," she said, brokenly. "Maybe I was getting to think to much of making money—and if the children had met the cow, she'd have killed 'em. And it would have been all my fault. If you don't mind, pa, I—I'd like to give the land to the district, 'count of my being so ugly."

"All right, daughter!" Mr. Fenton responded; but his voice was husky, and as he rode away he pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"I do hope pa hasn't been and taken cold!" thought the unsuspicious Abby, with anxiety, as she turned back into the house to tell her mother what she had done.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A Novel Clock.
In the exhibition of clocks and bronzes at the Paris Exposition was a very curious and unique timepiece devised by M. Passerat. On a square pedestal of wood covered with bronze decorations rests a plate of ordinary size. The plate has marked on its upper surface a clock dial, and there is a small figure of a swan lying on the bottom. If a little water is poured into the plate (enough to float the swan) the latter immediately swims to the edge of the plate and indicates the hour with its beak. The mechanism is very simple. In the interior of the box is a clock movement acting on a vertical pivot, to which is attached a horizontal arm. On the end of this arm is a powerful magnet. As the arm is revolved, just under the upper side of the box, by the clock mechanism, the swan, which has a piece of soft iron concealed in its beak, closely follows the magnet, when it is felt free to move by the presence of water in the plate, and thus the contrivance makes a practical timepiece. A slight mark on the upper surface of the pedestal and a corresponding one on the edge of the plate serve to determine the correct placing of the latter.

Marriage and Tristan.
After a rehearsal of "Tristan and Isolde" at Bayreuth, Hans Richter was asked if he had been satisfied, to which he replied: "The love motif, which the 'cellos have to give out, was played with too little fire. Evidently they must all be married men who executed it so phlegmatically." And Richter was right, for there was not a single bachelor among them.—Argonaut.



WOMAN'S REALM

AUTUMN MATERIALS.
Henriettas, Poppins, Armures and Serge Among the Popular Fabrics.

Fashion arbiters agree that as far as the fall fabrics are concerned, woollens and velvet will usurp all the interest, with many handsome and elaborate effects in the latter that hardly deserve the name of woollens. Of course, there will be the usual demand for handsome black stuffs, and for this, henriettas, poppins, armures and serge will be most offered. Henriettas, both in black and colors, will be more favored than for many seasons past. An especially attractive wave in vicuna camel's hair will be stylish for those who prefer rough effects in dress goods. Rough knotted soft materials, in black, will also be to the fore to be made up into the rich, plain, braid trimmed costumes that are so becoming, useful and in such good taste. Broadcloth will retain its hold on first place for handsome gowns and will be most seen in light gray, tan and biscuit tints, for dressy wear.

In the novelty goods, raised crepons have the preference in the new Arabic and Saracenic figures that fashion most favors in patterns. For second best, everyday utility gowns, rough goods will be most worn, as looking well longest. Scotch mixtures, twills, checks, diagonals, and Oxfords will be the popular favorites in this class of goods. A new flannel, in narrow gray stripes similar to that so much worn by men just now, will be much liked and will be exceedingly stylish for knock-about gowns.

All the old-time favorites are to be found among the showings of come if faut fall dress goods with possibly just some slight difference in grain, twill, mixtures and color from those of last season. Double-faced goods will be more a fad than ever, even promising to be used for jackets, and the long coats, predicted the rage for fall. Venetian cloth and another desirable woollen, rather resembling the Venetian in general appearance, satin victoria, are two of the materials, particularly in black, navy or Yale blue, that will prove a safe choice for your early fall gown.

In silks the old stand-by, plain taffeta still heads the list with crepe de chine, peau de sole, and duchesse, la mode for dressier use. Among the more expensive kinds for evening wear, fancy silk gauze will be first choice. Broche effects in all-over, stripes, dots and floral patterns comprise the designs. Their lightness and transparency, together with a rich effect, make these gauzes particularly desirable. The new fancy crepe de chine are away up price, but very beautiful. Crepe de chine broche and embroidered or openwork patterns on a crepe de chine foundation are the choicest kinds. Pamine comes this fall in several new kinds, too, and will retain, if not increase, all its past season's favor.

Typical Rooms in Women's Colleges.
College rooms vary, like college fortunes, but it is surprising to behold the transformation even a bare single one undergoes when an enterprising young collegian takes possession, although her purse strings may not be lengthy. At most of the women's colleges the student draws for choice, and if her luck is not in the ascendant she must make the most of her lot. This she hastens to do, by consulting the "college furnishings" man, who always holds out near by; through sending home for a supply of wants; or by making various purchases and fashioning from them all sorts of decorative articles, from a portiere to a pin-cushion. The old student has had the question of rooms settled before she went home from the long vacation; it is the incoming Freshman who has the hard problem to meet, and fortunate is it for her if she has seen other students' rooms previously, and gained some idea of what she needs in her new abiding place.

An amazing variety of tastes and fancies displays itself in the different colleges, but certain things are as surely to be found in the student's room everywhere as roses in June, namely, pillows by the dozen, a writing desk, tea table, and couch. Every room is already provided with bed of some description, two chairs, writing table, chest of drawers, and washstand. About every other bit of furniture and all decoration the occupant must bring herself.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fair Archaeologist.
That Miss Jane Harrison should have been elected to a fellowship at Newnham College, says the Westminster Gazette, will surprise no one, and is an additional distinction in the honorable record of Newnham. For Miss Harrison has a better grasp on subjects archaeological than any other woman in the country, and few men are her peers in this respect. And that she combines a graceful and genial manner with her deep learning will stand the new Fellow in good stead in her academic surroundings where, in the early days of the college, she was one of the pupils under Miss Clough. Tennyson's Princess comes not unattractively to mind whenever a woman comes to the fore by reason of learning, but we prefer to remember in this connection Mrs. Browning's fine lines:

The honest, serious man must stand and work;
The woman also, otherwise she falls
At once beneath the dignity of man.

And Mrs. Harrison certainly has earned her success by the whole-hearted devotion of many years to her absorbingly interesting work.

Fall Hats.

Both felt and straw hats are worn with the autumn costumes, the latter by those who have many hats, and the former by those who make the early fall hat do duty for runabout wear during a good portion of the winter. A black-brown straw is trimmed simply with satin ribbon and is caught up on the side with black roses. The sailor hat in felt is vying with the Alpine hat in popularity. A white sailor hat in felt was faced up with gray felt and adorned with much stitching. It was trimmed with a great choux of crimson velvet. Another was decorated with a sweeping pheasant's tail and a bow of brown ribbon. A gray Alpine hat was stitched in white and silk and trimmed with white glass silk, terminating in a rosette through which two quills were thrust.

A Chat About Lingerie.

Our grandmothers bought their lingerie with service as a first consideration, and had them made up in quantities in severe sacque form. Women of to-day select theirs for prettiness and daintiness, rather than term of service. The new underlinen is beautiful in the extreme with the sheerest of materials and the daintiest of laces and embroideries combined in its composition. Much handwork is seen on the more costly pieces, while flat effects predominate in the more moderately-priced goods. Fit is the great consideration these days. The loose sacque like shapes erstwhile marking ready-made lingerie no longer prevail, a perfectly-fitting corset cover and chemise being now easily obtainable.

Widows of the House of Savoy.

In Novidades de Lisbon appears the following: We note as a curious and touching fact that at the present moment, united by the same grief, five widows of the House of Savoy are weeping round King Humbert's body. The first is Queen Margherita, the virtuous and inconsolable companion of the murdered King. The other four are the Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, widow of D. Luiz I.; the Princess Clotilde, Prince Bonaparte's widow; the Duchess of Genoa, widow of Ferdinand of Savoy, and King Humbert's mother-in-law, and Princess Louisa, widow of Amadeo de Aosta.

A Cold Weather Fabric.

Among the first displays of cold weather fabrics are flannelettes, which are shown in bright and artistic colorings. These are made up principally into negligees, bath gowns, kimonos and under petticoats. The plainer stripes and checks may be bought for ten cents a yard, but the more elaborate patterns in a fine quality are sold for thirty cents.

The Latest Extravagances.

Mousseline de sole driving cloaks are the very latest extravagances. One of the latest models has strippings of taffeta, stitched. The collars, cuffs and lapels are also of silk.



The latest negligees charming beyond description.

Light olive green is among the favorite autumn tints.

Stitched bands used to a tiring extent as a gown garniture.

The picturesque, especially for house gowns, the promised mode.

Many yokes, real or simulated, noticeable on the latest skirt models.

The beaded bag prettier, in greater variety and more desirable than ever.

Beige a smarter autumn tint than gray, as the latter has been run into the ground.

Fourth silk gowns still to be worn far into the autumn and all winter in the house.

Capes to be en regle throughout the autumn for general wear and all winter for evening.

Black coiffure bows only comme il faut. The fad of last fall for colored ones entirely out.

Little half-length jackets one of the striking fashion novelties promised development by fall.

Many eccentricities of trimming observable and probably increasing as the season advances.

Very close-fitting shoulder effects to be the fashionable fall vogue and for some time afterward.

The royal blue veil a formidable rival of the emerald green. Velvet dots newer than the silk ones, too.

A bell-shaped skirt, reminding one of hoop-skirt days, noticeable on some of the recent importations for fall.

Every indication pointing to the adoption of much longer gloves, elbow length almost certain for evening.

Dressing jackets and wrappers more attractive than ever for the season made on the plan of evening wraps.

Hoods of black or white velvet adorning astonishingly elaborate black lace capes, but awfully smart and expensive, too.

Soft ribbons much preferred to the heavy kinds, as they can be so much more easily drawn close to the figure for stock or girdle, as fashion requires.

A new silk, flannel-like in weave, with the brilliancy of silk in coloring, and the draping qualities of softest wool, in every good shade from cream white to cardinal, plain or with embroidered dots, the latest thing in silk.

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